

# Z E N O B I A :

A

## T R A G E D Y.

As it is performed at the

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

By the A U T H O R of the

O R P H A N O F C H I N A :

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D U B L I N :

Printed for PETER HOEY, W. WILSON, JOHN  
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M.DCC.LXXXIV.

Sold by G. WALSH, 19, WOOD-QUAY





## Mrs. DANCER.

M A D A M,

**I**N a country, where addressees of this nature have generally waited upon the Great, upon a Wealthy Merchant, a Rich Commissary, or some New Man from the sugar-islands, it will appear as surprising to many, as, no doubt, it will to yourself, that a New Form of Dedication should now be introduced. For the trouble I am giving you it will, however, be unnecessary to make any further apology, when I observe that in France, where talents are honoured, it has been frequently the practice of the most celebrated wits to do justice to those, who, by their profession, are the very Organ of the Muses. A VOLTAIRE and a MARMONTEL have paid their compliments to a CLAIRON: and why may not an English Author, inferior as he is, and ever must be, to writers of that class, rival at least their politeness, by addressing himself to Mrs. DANCER, one of the first Ornaments of the British Theatre?

There are, indeed, I must confess it, some demands upon my gratitude on this occasion, which even now are struggling to call my attention another way. Mr. GARRICK, Madam, has a claim to all the handsome things that can be said of him. His politeness from the moment he saw the play, his assiduity in preparing it for representation, the taste with which he has decorated it, and the warmth of

## D E D I C A T I O N.

his zeal for the honour of the piece, are circumstances that call upon me for the strongest acknowledgments. I could employ my pen with pleasure in thanking Mr. BARRY for the very fine exertion of his powers, wherever the poet gave the smallest opportunity. Mr. HOLLAND, who had before now given spirit to such scenes as mine, has renewed the obligation. I could add others to the list, but they, and even Mr. GARRICK at their head, must excuse me, if I turn to Mrs. DANCER, and say with *Hamlet*, "Here's mettle more attractive."

ZENOBIA, Madam, is your own entirely. Wherever my inaccuracy has left imperfections, they are so happily varnished over by your skill, that either they are not seen, or you extort forgiveness for them: and if the Author is any where happy enough to *snatch a grace* beyond his usual reach, it is multiplied by your address into a number of beauties, like the SWORD in *Tasso's Jerusalem*, which, when brandished by the hand of *Rinaldo*, appears to the whole army to be THREE SWORDS.

The fate of ZENOBIA has been very extraordinary. She was saved in her life-time from the waters of the *Araxes* by the hand of a shepherd, and now she is saved from the critics by Mrs. DANCER.

In testimony of the fact, the play, Madam, is now inscribed to you by him, who admires your talents, and remains

Your most obedient Servant,

March 3, 1768.

THE AUTHOR.

# P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

**O**F old,—when Greece in a declining age,  
Of lawless pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,  
This was the tyrant's art :—He gave a prize  
To him, who a new pleasure should devise.

Ye tyrants of the Pit, whose cold disdain  
Rejects and nauseates the repeated strain ;  
Who call for rarities to quicken sense,  
Say, do you always the reward dispense ?

Ye bards,—to whom French wit gives kind relief,  
Are ye not oft the first—to cry STOP THIEF !  
Say,—to a brother do you e'er allow  
One little sprig, one leaf to deck his brow ?  
No.—fierce invective stuns the play-wright's ears,  
Wits, Poets corner, Ledgers, Gazeteers ?  
'Tis said, the Tartar,—ere he pierce the heart,  
Inscribes his name upon his poison'd dart.

That scheme's rejected by each scribbling spark ;  
—Our Christian system—stabs you in the dark.

And yet the desperate author of to-night  
Dares on the muses wing another flight ;  
Once more a dupe to fame forsakes his ease,  
And feels th' ambition—here again to please.

He brings a tale from a far distant age,  
Ennobled by the grave historic page !  
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each polish'd state ;  
The brightest eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.  
Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,  
And sung a dirge to her lamented shade.

Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye  
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.  
Not to translate our bard his pen doth dip ;  
He takes a play, as Britons take a ship ;  
They heave her down ;—with many a sturdy stroke,  
Repair her well, and build with Heart of Oak.  
To ev'ry breeze set Britain's streamers free,  
New MAN her, and away again to sea.

A 3

This



## PROLOGUE.

This is our author's aim ;—and if his art  
Waken to sentiment the feeling heart ;  
If in his scenes alternate passions burn,  
And friendship, love, guilt, virtue take their turn ;  
If innocence oppress'd lie bleeding here,  
You'll give—'tis all he asks—one VIRTUOUS TEAR.

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## Dramatis Personæ.

PHARASMANES,  
RHADAMISTUS,  
TERIBAZUS,  
ZOPIRON,  
TIGRANES,  
MEGISTUS,

Mr. AICKIN.  
Mr. BARRY.  
Mr. HOLLAND.  
Mr. PACKER.  
Mr. HURST.  
Mr. HAVARD.

ZENOBIA,  
ZELMIRA,

Mrs. DANCER.  
Mrs. BARRY.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharasmanes' Camp, on the Banks  
of the Araxes.







# Z E N O B I A.

## A C T the F I R S T.

Zelmira. **T**HRO' the wide camp 'tis awful solitude!

On ev'ry tent, which at the morning's dawn  
Rung with the din of arms, deep silence sits  
Adding new terrors to the dreadful scene!  
My heart dies in me!—hark!—with hideous roar  
The turbulent Araxes foams along,  
And rolls his torrent thro' yon depth of woods!  
'Tis terrible to hear!—who's there?—Zopiron!

Enter ZOPIRON.

Zelm. My lord; my Husband!—help me; lend  
your aid!

Zopiron. Why didst thou leave thy tent?—why  
thus afflict

Thy anxious breast, thou partner of my heart?  
Why wilt thou thus distract thy tender nature  
With groundless fears—ere yonder sun shall visit  
The western sky, all will be hush'd to peace.

Zelm. The interval is horrid; big with woe,  
With consternation, peril and dismay!  
And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations  
Suspended hangs upon the doubtful sword,  
If here the trembling heart thus shrinks with horror,  
Here in these tents, in this unpeopled camp,  
Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death

Where

Where numbers soon in purple heaps shall bleed,  
 What feelings there must throb in ev'ry breast?  
 How long, ambition, wilt thou stalk the earth  
 And thus lay waste mankind! —

Zop. This day at length  
 The warlike king, victorious Pharasmanes,  
 Closes the scene of war. — The Roman bands  
 But ill can cope with the embattled numbers  
 Asia pours forth, a firm undaunted host!  
 A nation under arms! — and every bosom  
 To deeds of glory fir'd! — Iberia then —

Zelm. Perish Iberia! — may the sons of Rome  
 Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,  
 That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,  
 May see his vassals overwhelm'd in ruin,  
 May from yon field be led in sullen chains,  
 To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,  
 And from th' assembled senate humbly learn  
 The dictates of humanity and justice!

Zop. Thy generous zeal, thy ev'ry sentiment  
 Charms my delighted soul — But thou be cautious;  
 And check the rising ardor that inflames thee.  
 The tyrant spares not sex, or innocence —

Zelm. Indignant of controul, he spurs each law,  
 Each holy sanction, that restrains the nations,  
 And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

Zop. This is the tyger's den; with human gore  
 For ever floats the pavement; with their shrieks  
 Of matrons weeping o'er their slaughter'd sons,  
 The cries of virgins to the brutal arms  
 Of violation dragg'd, with ceaseless groans  
 Of varied misery for ever rings  
 The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

Zelm. To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,  
 Th' afflicted Ariana — she — for her,  
 For that fair excellence my bosom bleeds!  
 She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,  
 When next the glowing hour of riot comes,  
 Shall fall a victim to his base desires —

Zop. The bounteous gods may succour virtue still!  
 In this day's battle, which perhaps e'er now

The charging hosts have join'd, should Roman valour  
Prevail o'er Asia's numbers.—

Zelm. That event

Is all our hope.—And lo! on yonder rampart  
Trembling with wild anxiety she stands,  
Invokes each god, and bids her straining eye  
Explore the distant field.—

Zop. Yes, there she's fix'd

A statue of despair!—That tender bosom  
Heaves with no common grief—I've mark'd her oft,  
And if I read aright, some mighty cause  
Of hoarded anguish, some peculiar woe  
Preys on her mind unseen!—But, ha! behold,  
She faints; her fears too pow'rful for her frame  
Sinks that frail beauty drooping to the earth.

[Exit hastily.]

Zelm. Haste, fly, Zopiron, fly with instant succour;  
Support her; help her;—Lo! th' attendant train  
Have caught her in their arms!—assist her, Heav'n,  
Assuage the sorrows of that gentle spirit!  
Her fluttering sense returns;—and now this way  
The virgins lead her.—May the avenging gods!  
In pity of the woes such virtue feels,  
In pity of the wrongs a world endures,  
With pow'r resistless arm the Roman legions,  
That they may hurl in one collected blow  
Assur'd destruction on the tyrant's head!

Enter ZENOBIÀ, leaning on two attendants.

Zenobia. A little onward, still a little onward  
Support my steps—

Zelmira. How fares it, madam, now?

Zen. My strength returns—I thank ye, gen'rous  
maids,

And would I could requite you—fruitless thanks  
Are all a wretch can give.—

1st Att. The gentle office  
Of mild benevolence our nature prompts—  
Your merit too commands:—on Ariana  
We tend with willing, with delighted care,  
And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

Zen.



Zen. Your cares for me denote a heart that feels  
For others woes.—Methinks with strength renew'd  
I could adventure forth again.—

2d Att. 'Twere best

Repose your wearied spirits—we will seek  
Yon rising ground, and bring the swiftest tidings  
Of all the mingled tumult.

Zen. Go, my virgins ;  
Watch well each movement of the marshall'd field ;  
Each turn of fortune ;—let me know it all ;—  
Each varying circumstance.——

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

Zelm. And will you thus,  
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus  
A willing prey to visionary ills,  
The self-consuming votarist of care ?

Zen. Alas ! I'm doom'd to weep—the wrath of  
heav'n

With inexhausted vengeance follows still,  
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

Zelm. Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharasmanes,  
With all a lover's fondness——

Zen. Name him not !  
Name not a monster horrible with blood,  
The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears !

Zelm. Yet savage as he is, at sight of thee  
Each fiercer passion softens into love.  
To you he bends ; the monarch of the east  
Dejected droops beneath your cold disdain,  
And all the tyranny of female pride.

Zen. That pride is virtue ;—virtue that abhors  
The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder !  
Oh ! Mithridates ! ever honour'd shade !  
——Peaceful he reign'd, dispensing good around him,  
In the mild eve of honourable days !——  
Thro' all her peopled realm Armenia felt  
His equal sway ;—the sunset of his pow'r  
With fainter beams, but undiminish'd glory,  
Still shone serene, while ev'ry conscious subject  
With tears of praise beheld his calm decline  
And bless'd the parting ray !—yet then, Zelmira,

Oh !



Oh! fact accurs'd! — yes Pharasmanes then,  
 Detested perfidy! — nor ties of blood,  
 Nor sacred laws, nor the just gods restrain him; —  
 In the dead midnight hour the fell assassin  
 Rush'd on the slumber of the virtuous man; —  
 His life-blood gush'd; — the venerable king  
 Wak'd, saw a brother arm'd against his life,  
 — Forgave him and expir'd!

Zelm. Yet wherefore open  
 Afresh the wounds, which time long since hath clos'd?  
 — This day confirms his sceptre in his hand.

Zen. Confirms his sceptre! — his! — indignant gods,  
 Will no red vengeance from your stores of wrath  
 Burst down to crush the tyrant in his guilt?  
 His sceptre, saidst thou? — urge that word no more —  
 The sceptre of his son! — the solemn right  
 Of Rhadamistus! — Mithridates' choice,  
 That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,  
 Approv'd him lineal heir; — consenting nobles,  
 The public will, the sanction of the laws,  
 All ratify'd his claim; — yet curs'd ambition,  
 Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,  
 Nor satisfy'd to fill Iberia's throne,  
 Made war, unnatural war, against a son,  
 Usurp'd his crown, and with remorseless rage  
 Pursued his life.

Zelm. Can Ariana plead  
 For such a son? — means she to varnish o'er  
 The guilt of Rhadamistus?

Zen. Guilt, Zelmira!

Zelm. Guilt that shoots horror thro' my aching  
 heart! —

Poor lost Zenobia!

Zen. And do her misfortunes  
 Awaken tender pity in your breast?

Zelm. Ill-fated princess! in her vernal bloom  
 By a false husband murder'd — from the stem  
 A Rose-bud torn, and in some desert cave  
 Thrown by to moulder into silent dust! —

Zen. You knew not Rhadamistus! — Pharasmanes  
 Knew not the early virtues of his son.  
 As yet an infant, in his tend'rest years

His

His father sent him to Armenia's court,  
That Mithridates' care might form his mind  
To arts, to wisdom, and to manners worthy  
Armenia's sceptre, and Zenobia's love.

The world delighted saw each dawning virtue,  
Each nameless grace to full perfection rising ;—  
Oh ! he was all the fondest maid could wish,  
All truth, all honour, tenderness and love !  
Yet from his empire thrown ! with merciless fury  
His father following,—slaughter raging round,  
What could the hero in that dire extreme ?

Zelm. Those strong impassion'd looks !—some fatal  
secret

Works in her heart, and melts her into tears [Aside.

Zen. Driv'n to the margin of Araxes' flood,—  
No means of flight,—aghast he look'd around,—  
Wild throbb'd his bosom with conflicting passions,—  
And must I then ?—tears gush'd and choak'd his  
voice,—

—And must I leave thee then Zenobia ?—must  
Thy beauteous form—he paus'd, then aim'd a poniard  
At his great heart—but oh ! I rush'd upon him,  
And with these arms close-wreathing round his neck,  
With all the vehemence of pray'rs and shrieks,  
Implor'd the only boon he then could grant  
To perish with him in a fond embrace.—  
The foe drew near—time press'd,—no way was left—  
He clasp'd me to his heart—together both,  
Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once,  
And sought a requiem in the roaring flood.

Zeim. —This wond'rous tale !—this sudden burst of  
passion—

Zen. Ha !—whither has my phrenzy led me !—  
hark !—

That sound of triumph !—lost, for ever lost !  
Ruin'd Armenia !—oh ! devoted race !

[A flourish of trumpets.

Enter TIGRANES, Soldiers, and some Prisoners.

Zen. Thy looks, Tigranes      dicate thy purpose !  
The

# A TRAGEDY.

13

The armies met, and Pharasmanes conquer'd;  
Is it not so?

Fig. As yet with pent-up fury  
The soldier pants to let destruction loose.  
With eager speed we urg'd our rapid march,  
To where the Romans tented in the vale  
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.  
At our approach their scanty numbers form  
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

Zen. And wherefore, when thy sword demands its  
share

Of havock in that scene of blood and horror,  
Wherefore return'st thou to this lonely camp?

Fig. With cautious eye as I explor'd the forest,  
Which rises thick near yonder ridge of mountains,  
And stretches o'er th' interminable plain,  
I saw these captives in the gloomy plain,  
Seeking with silent march the Roman camp.  
Impal'd alive 'tis Pharasmanes' will  
They suffer death in misery of torment.

Zen. Unhappy men!—and must they—ha!—  
that face,

That aged mien!—that venerable form!—  
Immortal powers! is it my more than father?—  
—Is that Megistus?—

Meg. Ariana here!

Gods! could I ever hope to see her more?  
Thou virtuous maid!—thou darling of my age!—

Zen. It is—it is Megistus!—once again  
Thus let me fall and clasp his rev'rend knee,  
Print the warm kiss of gratitude and love  
Upon this trembling hand, and pour the tears,  
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.—

Meg. Rise, Ariana, rise—almighty gods!  
The tide of joy and transport pours too fast  
Along these wither'd veins—it is too much  
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief  
And palsied age—it is too much to bear!  
Oh! Ariana,—daughter of affliction,  
Have I then found thee?—do I thus behold thee!—  
Now I can die content!

B

Zen.



Zen. Thou best of men!

These joys our tears and looks can only speak.—

Meg. Yet they are cruel joys—mysterious heav'n!

You bid the storm o'ercast our darksome ways;

You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;

Then comes a breath from you, and all is vanish'd!

Zen. Wherefore dejected thus—

Meg. Alas! to meet thee

But for a moment, and then part for ever!

To meet thee here, only to grieve thee more,

To add to thy afflictions,—where each virtue dwells,

Just to behold thee, and then close my eyes

In endless night, while you survey my pangs

In the approaching agony of torment—

Zen. Talk not of agony: 'tis rapture all!

And who has pow'r to tear thee from my heart?

Meg. Alas! the charge of vile imputed guilt!—

Zen. I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind—

Thy sense of noble deeds—imputed guilt—

Oh! none will dare—hast thou, Tigranes?—what,

What is his crime?—blush, foul traducer, blush!—

Oh! (to Megistus) the wide world must own thy ev'ry virtue.

Tig. If in the conscious forest I beheld

Their dark plottings—

Zen. Peace, vile slanderer, peace!—

Thou know'st who captivates a monarch's heart—

'Tis I protect him—Ariana does it!—

Thou, venerable man! in my pavilion

I'll lodge thee safe from danger—oh! this joy,

This best supreme delight the gods have sent,

In pity for whole years of countless woe.

[Exit with Megistus]

### ZELMIRA, TIGRANES.

Tig. With what wild fury her conflicting passions

Rise to a storm, a tempest of the soul!

I know the latent cause—her heart revolts,

And leagues in secret with the Roman arms.

Zelm. Beware, Tigranes!—that excess of joy,

Those quick, those varied passions strongly speak

The



The stranger has an int'rest in her heart,  
Besides, thou know'st o'er Pharasmanes' will  
She holds supreme dominion——

Tig. True, she rules him  
With boundless sway——

Zelm. Nay, more to wake thy fears——  
The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus  
In secret sighs, and feels the ray of beauty  
Through ev'ry sense soft-thrilling to his heart.  
He too becomes thy foe——

Tig. Unguarded man!

Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,  
As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,  
And lets each passion stand confess'd to view;  
Such too is Ariana;—bold and open  
She kindly gives instructions to her foe,  
To mar her best designs.——

Zelm. Her foe, Tigranes!  
That lovely form inshrines the gentlest virtues,  
Softest compassion, unaffected wisdom,  
To outward beauty, lending higher charms  
Adorning and adorn'd!—The gen'rous prince,——  
He too—full well thou know'st him—his virtues  
In the heroic mould of manly firmness,  
Each mild attractive art—oh! surely none  
Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

Tig. None should, Zelmira!—ha! those warlike  
notes!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Terib. Each weary soldier rest upon his arms,  
And wait the king's return—Zelmira say,  
In these dark moments of impending horror  
How fares thy beauteous friend?—her tender spirit  
But ill supports the fierce alarms of war.

Enter ZENONIA.

Zen. Where is he?—let me fly—oh! Pharas-  
manes——

Methought those sounds bespoke the king's approach—  
Oh!

Oh! Teribazus, tell me—have the fates—  
This horrible suspense—

Ter. I came, bright maid,  
To hush the wild emotions of thy heart,  
Devouring slaughter for a while suspends  
Its ruthless rage;—as either host advanc'd  
In dread array, and from the burnish'd arms  
Of Asia's ranks redoubled sunbeams play'd  
Burning with bright diversities of day,  
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp  
With proffer'd terms—my father deign'd for once  
To yield to mild persuasion—in his tent  
Th' ambassador of Rome will soon attend him  
To sheathe the sword, and give the nations peace.

Zen. But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir  
The wretched heir of misery!—But now  
A more than father found,—yet cruel men  
Would tear him from me—gen'rous, gen'rous prince,  
Spare an old man, whose head is white with age,  
Nor let 'em wound me with the sharpest pang  
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

Ter. Arise, my fair;—let not a storm of grief  
Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;  
Soon shall they all revive—

Zen. They brought him fetter'd,  
Bound like a murderer!—Tigranes,—he,—  
This is the author of the horrid charge—  
He threatens instant death—but oh! protect,  
Protect an innocent, a good old man,—  
Or stretch me with him on the mournful bier.

Ter. By heav'n, whoe'er, he is, since dear to you,  
He shall not suffer—quick, direct me to him—  
My guards shall safe inclose him.

Zen. In my pavilion  
He waits his doom—

Ter. Myself will bear the tidings  
Of life, of joy, and liberty restor'd.—  
And thou artificer of ill, thou false,  
Thou vile defamer!—leave thy treach'rous arts,  
Nor dare accuse whom Ariana loves;

ZENOBIA,

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

Zen. Zelmira, — this is happiness supremel  
 Oh! to have met with unexamp'd goodness:  
 To owe my all, my very life itself,  
 To an unknown but hospitable hand,  
 And thus enabled, by the bounteous gods,  
 To pay the vast, vast debt — 'tis extasy  
 That swells above all bounds, till the fond heart  
 Ake with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

Zelm. What must Zelmira think? — at first your  
 tongue

Grew lavish in the praise of Rhadamistus,  
 With hints obscure touching your high descent; —  
 And now this hoary sage — is he your father?  
 My mind is lost in wonder and in doubt. —

Zen. Then to dispel thy doubts, and tell at once  
 What deep reserve has hid within my heart,  
 — I am Zenobia — I that ill-star'd wretch!  
 The daughter of a scepter'd ancestry,  
 And now the slave of Mithridates' brother!

Zelm. Long lost Zenobia, and restor'd at length!  
 I am your subject; oh! my queen! my sov'reign!

Zen. Thou gen'rous friend! Rise, my Zelmira, rise.  
 — That good old man! — oh! it was he beheld me  
 Borne far away from Rhadamistus' arms,  
 Just perishing. just lost! —  
 He dash'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,  
 And brought me back to life. — My op'ning eyes  
 Just saw the light, and clos'd again to shun it.  
 Each vital pow'r was sunk, but he well skill'd  
 In potent herbs, recall'd my flut'ring soul.

Zelm. May the propitious gods reward his care.

Zen. With me he sav'd a dear, a precious boy,  
 Then in the womb conceal'd; — he sav'd my child  
 To trace his father's lov'd resemblance to me,  
 The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

Zelm. Oh! blessings on him, blessings on his head! —

Zen. Resign'd and patient I since dwelt with him —  
 Far in the mazes of a winding wood,  
 Midst hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.  
 But oh! the fond idea of my lord



18 Z E N O B I A,

Pursued me still, or in the cavern'd rock,  
The mountain's brow, and pendent forest's gloom.  
The sun look'd joyless down;—each lonely night  
Heard my griefs echoing thro' the woodland shade.  
—My infant Rhadamistus!—he is lost,  
He too is wrested from me!—'midst the rage  
And the wide waste of war, the hell-hound troops  
Of Pharasmanes fought my lone retreat,  
And from the violated shades, from all  
My soul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,  
And never shall the wretched mother see  
Her child again!——

Zelm. Heav'n may restore him still;——  
May still restore your royal husband too——  
Who knows but some protecting god——

Zen. No god!  
No guardian pow'r was present!——he is lost!——  
Oh! Rhadamistus!—oh! my honour'd lord!  
No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;——  
The rolling flood devour'd thee!——thou hast found  
A watry grave, and the last dismal accents  
That trembled on thy tongue, came bubbling up,  
And murmur'd lost Zenobia!

Zelm. Yet be calm.——  
The gods may bring redress——even now they give  
To misery like thine, the heartfelt joy  
Of shielding injur'd virtue.

Zen. Yes, Zelmira,  
That pure delight is mine, a ray from heav'n  
That bids affliction smile——All gracious pow'rs!  
Make me your agent here to save Megistus,  
I'll bear the load of life,—bear all its ills  
Till you shall bid this sad world-weary spirit  
To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,  
And seek my lord in the dark realms of Night;  
Seek his dear shade in ev'ry pensive grove,  
And bear him all my constancy and love.

ACT



# A T R A G E D Y. 19.

## A C T H.

Tigranes. **A** False accuser deem'd!—artificer of fraud!

Those words, intemp'rate boy—thy phrenzy too,  
Deluded fair!—shall cost you dear atonement.  
Yet till occasion rise—the king approaches.

[Grand warlike music.]

A Military Procession: Enter PHARASMANES, &c.

Pharasmanes. At length the same of Pharasmanes' arms

Hath aw'd the Nations round—Rome shrinks aghast  
With pale dismay, recalls her trembling legions,  
And deprecates the war—oh! what a scene  
Of glorious havock had yon field beheld,  
If peaceful counsels had not check'd my fury!

—Valiant Tigranes, those rebellious slaves,  
Thy care detected,—have they suffer'd death?

Tig. Your pardon, Sir—their doom as yet suspended—

The gen'rous prince—I would not utter aught  
Should injure Teribazus—

Phar. Ha!—proceed,  
And give me all the truth—

Tig. By his command—  
His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour  
To urge their sentence—

Phar. Vain aspiring boy!  
Tell Teribazus, [Enter Zenobia]

—tell th' unthinking prince,  
The rash presumptuous stripling, these his arts,  
These practices of popular demeanour,  
Are treason to his father—let him know  
Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm  
My will is fate—the slaves shall meet their doom.

Zen. O mighty king,—thus bending lowly  
down,——

Am

An humble suppliant——

Phar. Ariana here!

Thou beauteous mourner, let no care molest  
Thy tender bosom;—rise and bid thy charms  
Beam forth their gentlest lustre to adorn  
The glories of my triumph.

Zen. Oh! a wretch like me  
It best befits thus groveling on the earth  
To bathe your feet with tears——

Phar. It must not be—— [He raises her.  
By heav'n renown in arms in vain attends me,  
If the lov'd graces of thy matchless form  
Are thus depress'd and languish in affliction,  
Like flowers that droop and hang their pining heads  
Beneath the rigour of relentless skies.

Zen. If thou would'st raise me from the depths of  
woe,  
Forgive those captives, whom thy fatal anger  
Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-jin'd resentment  
Fall on the prince your son—'twas I—my tears—  
My piercing lamentation won his heart  
To arrest their doom——

Phar. For traitors to my crown  
Does Ariana plead?——

Zen. For mild humanity  
My suppliant voice is rais'd—I point the means  
To add new glory to your fame in arms.  
In nought so near can men approach the gods  
As the dear act of giving life to others.——  
In feats of war the glory is divided  
To all imparted,—to each common man,——  
And fortune too shall vindicate her share:——  
—But of sweet mercy,—the vast, vast renown  
Is all your own; nor officer nor soldier  
Can claim a part—the praise, the honour'd praise,  
Adorns the victor,—nor is th' echo lost  
Midst shouts of armies, and the trumpet's sound.  
He conquers even victory itself,  
Than hero more—a blessing to the world!

Phar. Thy eloquence disarms my stubborn soul,  
But wherefore urgent thus?—amidst the band  
Is there who claims thy soft solicitude?

Zen.

# A T R A G E D Y.

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Zen. A hoary sage—alas! a more than father—  
The best of men!—preserver of my being,—  
A blameless shepherd!—void of fraud and guilt,  
Innoxious thro' his life—oh! mighty king,  
Spare an old man,—a venerable sire!  
Nought has your fortune greater than the pow'r  
To serve humanity!—shew that your heart  
Has the sweet grace, the generous virtue too!

Phar. My soul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,  
Thy violence of pray'r—release him straight—  
My brightest honours wait him,—honours fit  
For him who gave thee birth,—for him whose virtue  
Thy generous soul deems worthy its esteem.

Zen. Our humble station seeks nor pomp nor  
splendour—

We only ask, unenvied and obscure,  
To live in blameless innocence,—to seek  
Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,  
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

Phar. That coy disdain, which shuns admiring  
eyes,

Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm  
No more of humble birth—thy matchless beauty,  
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their lustre,  
Was form'd to dignify the eastern throne.

My scepter, that strikes terror to each heart,  
Grac'd by thy decent hand shall make each subject  
Adore thy softer sway—The glorious æra

Of Pharasmanes' love,—his date of empire  
With Ariana shar'd, henceforth begins,

And leads the laughing hours—but first the storm  
Of war and wild commotion must be hush'd—

That mighty care now calls me to my throne,

To give the Roman audience; audience fit

To strike a citizen of Rome with awe,

When he beholds the majesty of kings. [Going]

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Ter. Dread Sir, the Roman embassy approaches—  
From yonder rampart, that invests your camp.

I heard



I heard their horses hoofs with eager speed  
Beat the resounding soil.

Phar. Let 'em approach —  
And thou whose arrogance — but I forbear —  
When Ariana pardons, my resentment  
Yields to her smiles, and looks away its rage.  
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,  
And the red thunder quivers in his hand,  
The queen of love his vengeance can disarm  
With the soft eloquence of ev'ry charm;  
Controul his passions with resistless sway,  
And the impending storm smile to serene day.

[Exit with his train.]

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

Ter. And may I then once more, thou bright per-  
fection,  
May Teribazus once again approach thee,  
While thus my father, — my ambitious father,  
At sight of thee forgets his cruel nature,  
And wonders how he feels thy beauty's power?  
Oh! may I — but I'm too importunate —  
Your looks rebuke me from you, — and I see  
How hateful I am grown!

Zen. Mistake me not,  
Nor rashly thus arraign the looks of one,  
Whose heart lies bleeding here — thy gen'rous worth  
Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.  
But oh! for me, — for wretched Ariana,  
The god of love long since hath quench'd his torch,  
And ev'ry source of joy lies dead within me.

Ter. That cold avetted look! — but I am us'd  
To bear your scorn, — your scorn that wounds the  
deeper,

Mask'd as it is with pity and esteem.  
Yet love incurable, — relentless love  
Burns here a constant flame, that rises still  
And will to madness kindle, should I see  
That hoard of sweets, that treasury of charms  
Yield to another, to a barbarous rival  
Who persecutes a son to his undoing.

Zen. If Ariana's happiness would wound thee,

Thou'lt

# A T R A G E D Y.

Thoult ne'er have cause to murmur or repine,  
Nought can divorce me from the black despair  
To which I've long been wedded.

Ter. Calm disdain,

I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair  
Whom Pharasmanes destines for his throne.  
But oh! in pity to this breaking heart,  
Give me, in mercy give some other rival,  
Whom I may stab, — without remorse may stab;  
Midst his delight, in all his heav'n of bliss.  
And spurn him from the joys, that scorpion-like  
Shoot anguish here — here thro' my very soul.

Zen. Alas! too gen'rous prince, the gods long since  
Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

Ter. What say'st thou, Ariana? — ha! beware,  
Nor urge me to distraction — Love like mine,  
Fierce, gen'rous, wild, — with disappointment wild,  
May rouse my desp'rate rage to do a deed  
Will make all nature shudder. — Love despis'd  
Not always can respect the ties of nature! —  
— Driven to extremes the tend'rest passion scorn'd  
May hate at length the object it adores,  
And stung to madness — no! — inhuman fair,  
You still must be, — in all vicissitudes,  
In all the scenes misfortune has in store,  
You still must be the sov'reign of my soul,  
But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,  
By heav'n, who'er he be, despair and phrenzy  
May strike the blow, and dash him from your arms  
A sacrifice to violated love.

Zen. Why thus distract yourself with vain suspi-  
cions?

— You have no rival, whom your rage can murder  
— None in the pow'r of fate — oh! Toribazus,  
The wretched Ariana — long, long since —  
— My heart swells o'er — I cannot speak — a duty,  
A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept  
Thy proffer'd love; — a duty, which, if known,  
Would in eternal silence seal thy vows,  
Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!  
Bid thee respect calamities like mine.

[Exit]

Ter,

Ter. Yet, Ariana, stay—turn, turn and hear me—  
She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!  
And leaves me thus to misery of soul.

Enter Zopiron.

Zopiron. Flaminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,  
And bears the olive-branch—the king your father  
Assembles all his nobles——

Ter. Say, Zopiron,  
Does Rome yield up Armenia?

Zop. Rome is still  
The scourge of lawless pow'r—a people's rights  
The conscript fathers have resolv'd to shield,  
And to the lineal heir assert the crown.

Ter. May the stern god of battles aid their arms,  
And fight with the deliverers of mankind!  
Unnatural father! that would seize my sceptre,  
Mine as my brother's heir, and ravish with it  
The idol of my soul—but now no more  
His tyranny prevails—to empire rais'd,  
'Twill be the pride of my exulting heart,  
To lay my crown at Ariana's feet. [Exit

Zop. Unhappy prince! should Pharasmanes know  
His ardent passion for the captive maid,  
Alas! his fatal rage—prophious pow'rs!  
May these events,—may Rome's ambassador,——  
Oh! may he come with concord in his train,  
And far avert the ills my heart forebodes!——  
But lo! Flaminius,——

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

Zop. Welcome to these tents  
The harbinger of peace!

Rhadamistus. Does your king know  
Flaminius waits his leisure?

Zop. He prepares  
To hear you, Roman!——

Rhad. As I tread his camp  
There is I know not what of horror shoots  
Thro' all my frame, and disconcerted reason

Suspends



Suspends her function,——a black train of crimes,  
Murders, and lust, and rapine, critics sack'd,  
Nations laid waste by the destructive sword,  
A thousand ruthless deeds all rise to view,  
And shake my inmost soul, as I approach  
The author of calamity and ruin.

Zop. Then from a Roman, from a son of freedom  
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,  
The strong resistless strain, which liberty  
Breathes in her capital, till his proud heart  
Shudders with inward horror at itself.

Rhad. In Pharasmanes' camp that honest stile!——  
——Thy visage bears the character of virtue.——  
——Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

Zop. In me you see Zopiron!——deem me not  
A vile abetter of the tyrant's guilt.——  
To me Armenia trusts her sacred rights;  
Hither her chosen delegate she sends me,  
At the tribunal of Iberia's king,  
To plead her cause, an injur'd people's cause!  
Oh! never, never, shall my native land  
Yield to a vile usurper.

Rhad. Rome has heard  
Thy patriot toil for freedom——Rhadamistus  
Has heard thy gen'rous ardour in his cause!  
And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

Zop. Oh! name not Rhadamistus——now no more  
The godlike youth shall bless Armenia's realm  
The fates just shew'd him to the wond'ring world,  
And then untimely snatch'd him from our sight!——

Rhad. And didst thou know the prince?

Zop. My lot severe  
Denied that transport;——but the voice of fame  
Endears his memory.

Rhad. A time may come  
When you may meet, and both in friendship burn  
——Still Rhadamistus lives!——

Zop. Said'st thou Flaminius!——  
Lives he?

Rhad. Still he survives;——from death and peril  
Sav'd by a miracle!——and now for him  
Rome claims Armenia.——

Zop. Claims Armenia for him! —  
 For Rhadamistus claims! — and will ye, gods!  
 Still will ye give him to a nation's pray'rs?

Rhad. Alas! he lives; — heart-broken, desolate,  
 In sorrow plung'd, — abandon'd to despair!

Zop. The righteous gods will vindicate his cause. —  
 His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,  
 That ev'ry excellence — does she too live?  
 Have the Indulgent pow'rs watch'd o'er her fate,  
 And sav'd her for her people? —

Rhad. There, Zopiron,  
 There lies the wound that pierces to his soul, —  
 The sharpest pang, — that rends, — that cleaves his  
 heart.

— Oh! never more shall lovely lost Zenobia,  
 That angel-form, — that pattern of all goodness,  
 No, never more — she's gone, for ever gone! —  
 Thou would'st not think — her barb'rous, cruel hus-  
 band —

With his own hand — the recollected tale  
 Of horror shakes my frame to dissolution! —  
 Her husband! — he! — the dear, that tender form —  
 Oh! — poor Zenobia — oh! — {Falls into a swoon.

Zop. He faints; — he falls! —  
 Can Roman stoicism thus dissolve  
 In tender pity? — rise, Flaminius, rise;  
 He stirs; he breathes; — and life begins to wander  
 O'er his forsaken cheek — Resume thy strength,  
 And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears. —

Rhad. I'll not be forc'd back to a wretched world.  
 No; — let me, — let me die. —

Zop. His eyes reject  
 The cheerful light — what can this anguish mean?

Rhad. You do but waste your pains; — it is in  
 vain! —

Away and leave a murd'rer to his woes. —

Zop. Why thus accuse thyself? — I'll not believe  
 it. —

Thus let me raise thee from the earth —

Rhad. Alas! (rising) —  
 Despair weighs heavy on me.

Zop.

Zop. Still I must  
Controul this sudden phrenzy——

Rhad. Oh! Zopiron,——  
Here,——here it lies——

Zop. Unburthen all, and ease  
Your loaded heart—it cannot be—you never wert  
A murd'rer!——

Rhad. Yes!——the horror of the world!——  
A murd'rous wretch!——the fatal Rhadamistus!——  
'Twas I—these felon hands!——with treach'rous love  
I clasp'd her in this curs'd embrace—I bore her  
In these detested arms, and gave that beauty,  
'That tender form to the devouring waves.——  
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire——  
Here fix,——fix all your vultures in my heart!——  
And lo! they rush upon me (starts up) see! see there!  
With racks and wheels they come;——they tear me  
piecemeal——

'Tis just Zenobia!——I deserve it all.——

[Falls upon Zopiron.

Zop. Assist him guardian pow'rs!——your own  
high will

Guides these events!——revive my prince, revive!

Rhad. Why thus recall me to despair and horror?

To bid me hate the light, detest myself,

Traitor to nature,——traitor to my love!——

—And yet Zopiron,——yet I am not plung'd

So far in guilt, but thou may'st pity me!——

Heav'n, I attest.——yes you can witness gods!

I mean to perish with her—but the fates

Denied that comfort—from her circling arms

The torrent bore me far—expiring, senseless,

Gasping in death, the overflowing tide

Impetuous drove me on th' unwish'd for shore.

—There soon deserted by the merciless stream

A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontiers

They rang'd the country round,——descried me!

stretch'd

Pale and inanimate——with barb'rous pity

They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack

Of inauspicious life!——

Zop. For wond'rous ends



Myſterious providence has ſtill reſerv'd you,  
To circulate the happineſs of millions,  
A patriot prince!——

Rhad. Would they had let me periſh!——  
What has a wretch like me to do in life,  
When my Zenobia's loſt?——'tis true, my friend,  
She begg'd to die——but that pathetic look,  
Her tears, embraces, and thoſe ſtreaming eyes  
Still beauteous in diſtreſs!——each winning grace,  
Her ev'ry charm ſhould have forbid the deed,  
And pleaded for her life!

Zop. And yet, my prince,  
When ſelf-acquitting conſcience——

Rhad. Self-condemn'd  
My ſoul is rack'd,——is tortur'd——not her child,  
Her unborn infant,——the firſt fruit of love,  
Not ev'n her babe could with the voice of nature  
Plead for itſelf,——or for its wretched mother.——  
They periſh both,——ſhe and her little one,  
And I ſurvive to tell it——

Zop. Let not grief  
O'erwhelm your reaſon thus——what! when your  
father,  
Your cruel father, reeking from the blood  
Of Mithridates——

Rhad. Naught but death was left,  
Yet ev'n that laſt, ſad refuge was debarr'd me!——  
E'er ſince I've liv'd in miſery:——my days  
Were colour'd all with anguiſh and deſpair!  
Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.  
At length reveal'd me to a choſen friend;——  
——Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full ſenate  
Told all the diſmal ſtory of my woes.  
The conſcript fathers heard, and dropt a tear——  
Then to quick vengeance fir'd, diſpatch'd their legions  
To wage the war; Paulinus leads them on,  
And now to me commits this embaſſy,  
With fully delegated pow'rs from Rome.

Zop. With one united voice Armenia calls  
For Mithridates' heir!——convinc'd by rumour  
That thou art loſt, the gen'ral cry demands  
Your brother Teribazus ——

Rhad.

Rhad. He, Zopiron.

Is to these eyes a stranger,——

Zop. Hapless prince!

A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head.

A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;

Her name is Ariana; and indeed

No wonder she attracts his soft regard,

And kindles all the vehemence of love.

The tyrant eyes her too with fierce desire,——

And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

Rhad. By heav'n it shall not be—alas! I know

The pang of losing whom the heart adores.——

I'll yield him up Armenia—what are crowns

But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd

The dear partaker of my throne is lost.

Enter TIGRANES.

Zop. What would Tigranes?

Tig. Pharasmanes calls

Flaminius to his presence——

Rhad. I attend him;——

So tell your king——

Tig. Instant he waits thee Roman. [Exit.

Rhad. How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

Zop. Then summon all your strength——the  
lapse of time

From early youth, when Pharasmanes saw you,

Affliction's inward stroke,—that Roman garb,

All will protect, and cloak you from detection!——

Rhad, Zopiron yes; in this important crisis,

When violated laws, and injur'd men,

When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,

The great occasion calls for firmest vigour.

Yes, in this interview I will maintain

A Roman's part;——in Pharasmanes' soul

I'll wake the furies of detested guilt,

And pour the rapid energy of truth

Till ev'n to himself his crimes are known,

And the usurper tremble on his throne.

## A C T the III.

PHARASMANES, on his throne: TIGRANES, ZOPIRON, Officers, &c.

Pharasmanes. **W**HERE is this bold republican  
from Rome?  
This enemy of kings?—Tigranes, thou  
Bid the Plebeian enter—Pharasmanes  
Vouchsafes him audience.——

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Phar. Now Flaminius, say  
What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,  
To wage this flow, this philisophic war?

Rhadamistus. By me unworthy of th' important  
charge,

By me, unequal to the arduous theme,  
The conscript fathers here explain their conduct  
And justify the ways of Rome to kings.

Phar. Roman, thou may'st declaim with all thy  
pomp  
Of idle eloquence.

Rhad. No pow'r of words,  
No graceful periods of harmonious speech  
Dwell on my lip—the only art I boast  
Is honest truth, unpolish'd, unadorn'd!——  
Truth that must strike conviction to your heart,  
Truth that informs you,—to usurp a crown,  
For dire ambition to unpeople realms,  
Are violations of each sacred law,  
And bid the Roman eagle wing'd with vengeance  
To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,  
To tell destruction it shall rage no more.

Phar. And dares Paulinus soldier—dar'st thou slave  
Thus offer vile indignity, and mouthe  
The language of your forum to a king?

Rhad. Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's king,  
But not Armenia's.—

Phar.



Phar. Ha! ———

Rhad. Th' assembled senate

Acknowledges your vast renown in arms,

And honours the unshaken fortitude

Ev'n of a foe ——— but, Sir, the fortitude,

Whose brutal rage lays nations desolate,

It is the glory of imperial Rome

To humble and subdue — It is the glory

Of Rome, that spares the vanquish'd, 'tis her pride

To set the nations free; — to fix the bounds

Of the fell tyrant's pow'r, — to trace the circle

From which he must not move — these are the arts

The bright prerogative of Rome — of Rome,

The mistress of the world, whose conqu'ring banners

O'er Asia's realms so oft have wav'd in triumph,

And made ev'n kings her subjects —

Phar. Ha! vain boaster!

Rhad. Made oriental kings, short by the knee

Accept their crowns, with tears of joy accept it,

And be the viceroys of a Roman senate.

Phar. And this to Pharasmanes? — has not yet

A train of conquests taught you to revere

This good right arm in war? — This arm the Parthians

Have felt with fatal overthrow — no spoil,

No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;

No friends of mine were harness'd to their chariots; —

No captive chief, like your own mangled Crassus,

There roams a sullen ghost, and calls for vengeance,

For vengeance still unpaid, and calls in vain

For the sad funeral rites. — Would Rome presume

To wrest Armenia from me, — lo! my banners

From frosty Caucasus to Phasis' banks

Wave high in air, and shadow all the land,

Call your embattled legions — or does Rome,

All conqu'ring Rome, that mistress of the world,

Does she at length by her ambassadors

Negotiate thus the war?

Rhad. Rome, Sir, commands

The subject world, for she adores the gods —

And their all pow'rful aid. ———

Phar. Wouldst thou dispute

My lawful claim. — arm thee with sword and fire,

Not

Not with vain subtleties, and idle maxims—  
 Armenia's crown is mine,—deriv'd to me,  
 Heir to a brother, and a son deceas'd.—

Rhad. And can a murd'rer, can the midnight ruffian  
 Prove himself heir—by the assassin's stab?—

Phar. Thou base reviler!—

[Comes forward and draws his sabre.

Tig. Moderate your fury;

[holding him.

It were unjust—

Zop. The character he bears,—

The laws of nations—

Phar. Thou base insolent—

Who dar'st to wound the ears of sacred kings  
 With a black crime, that's horrible to nature!—

Rhad. Yes horrible to nature!—yet the world  
 Has heard it all—Thou art the man of blood!  
 A brother's blood yet smokes upon thy hand—  
 Not his white age, his venerable looks,  
 Not ev'n his godlike virtues could withhold thee!—  
 Gash'd o'er with wounds he falls;—he bleeds, he dies,  
 Without a groan he dies!—that is thy work,  
 Thine, murd'rer, thine!—

Phar. No more—the hand of heav'n  
 Shook from the blasted tree the wither'd fruit—

Rhad. Forbear the impious strain—it is the stile  
 Ambition speaks, when for a crown it stabs,  
 Then dares, with execrable mock'ry dares  
 Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

Phar. He harrows up my soul!—and do'st thou  
 think

A madman's raving—

Rhad. Since that hour accurst  
 Hast thou not plung'd thee deeper still in guilt;  
 Your son—your blameless son—

Phar. His crimes provok'd  
 A father's wrath—his and Zenobia's crimes!—

Rhad. She too—untimely lost—unbidden tears  
 Forbear to stream, nor quite unman me thus.

Phar. In tears!—by heav'n, thou woman hearted  
 slave,

Those coward symptoms have some latent spring  
 That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

Rhad,

Rhad. They are the tears humanity lets fall  
When soft-ey'd beauty dies untimely slain.—  
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror  
The Roman legions.—

Phar. Lead them to the charge—  
Thou quit my camp:—If when yon sun descends  
Thou linger'st here, the title of ambassador  
Shall naught avail to save thee from my fury.

Rhad. E'er that resign Armenia—'Till the close  
Of day, I give thee leisure to revolve  
The vengeance Rome prepares—Thou know'st  
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy sons  
Lift the avenging spear.—Be timely wise,  
Nor dare provoke your fate. [Exit.

Phar. Roman farewell!—  
Do thou, Tigranes, issue forth my orders  
From tent to tent, that each man stand prepar'd  
For the dead midnight hour—with silent march  
Then will I pour with ruinous assault  
Upon the astonish'd foe; my horses hoofs  
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's sun  
A spectacle of horror and destruction.—

[He ascends his throne, and the back scene closes.

Enter ZENOBIA and MEGISTUS.

Zen. Oh! tell me all Megistus; let me hear  
All that concerns my child,—my blooming boy,  
My little Rhadamistus—is he safe?  
Give me the truth—do not deceive a mother  
Who doats upon her babe—is my child safe?

Meg. Dry up your tears—I cannot bear to see you  
Afflicted thus—your infant hero's safe—  
You may believe your faithful old Megistus—

Zen. I do believe thee—but excuse my weakness—  
My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me  
By ruffians seiz'd, and as he sees the knife  
Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring  
For me by name, and begging my assistance,  
While far, far off his miserable mother  
No aid can give, nor snatch him to her heart.

Meg. I never yet deceiv'd you—by yon heav'n

The



The prince still lives—when I regain'd my cottage  
 After the toils of many a weary day,  
 I found him there—but griev'd and wond'ring much,  
 Where his dear mother was.

Zen. Megistus tell me,

Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,  
 All his apt questions, his enchanting words;  
 For I could hear of him for ever—lovely youth!  
 His father's image blooming in his boy!  
 Thro' seven revolving years my only comfort!—  
 —When from my eyes the sudden sorrows gush'd,  
 How would he look, and ask his wretched mother  
 What meant those falling tears!—alas! ev'n now  
 I see him here before me—did my child  
 Think his poor mother lost?

Meg. At first he seem'd

To pine in thought at your long weary absence.  
 And many a look he cast, that plainly spoke  
 His little bosom heav'd with various passions.  
 Still would he seek you in each well-known haunt,  
 Each bow'r, each cavern, like the tender fawn  
 That thro' the woodland seeks its mother lost,  
 Exploring all around with anxious eye,  
 And looking still unutterable grief,  
 Lonely and sad, and stung with keen regret.

Zen. Did my child weep?—not much I hope—

Meg. With soothing tales

I labour'd to beguile him from his sorrow;—  
 I promis'd your return;—a gentle smile  
 Brighten'd his anxious look; he sigh'd content,  
 And then I led him to a safer dwelling  
 Among the shepherds of the Syrian vale,  
 Who all have sworn to guard him as their own,  
 And in due season lead him to the Romans.

Zen. Oh! may those shepherds know the kindest  
 influence

Of the indulgent heav'ns—yet why not stay  
 To guard him—but I'll not complain—on me  
 Your cares were fix'd—oh! tell me how the gods  
 Watch'd ov'r all thy ways, and brought thee to me?  
 Where hast thou liv'd these many, many days?—

Meg. In bitterness of soul I've liv'd, thy fate

Thy

Thy tender form deep imag'd in my breast !  
 I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,  
 But bring, alas ! no tidings of your lord.  
 Heart-broken, wearied out, I measur'd back  
 My feeble steps,—but thou wert ravish'd thence ;——  
 For thee I travers'd hills and forests drear ;  
 Thee I invok'd, that ev'ry cavern'd rock,  
 Each vale, each mountain echo'd with thy name,  
 Zen. And here at length you find me, here encom-  
 pass'd

With all the worst of ills—hence let us fly  
 To the bless'd Syrian valley, where my child  
 Wins with his early manhood ev'ry heart,  
 And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

Meg. Vain the attempt—one only way is left——  
 Reveal thee to th' ambassador of Rome.——  
 Safe in his train thou may'st escape this place,  
 And gain Paulinus' camp——Zenobia known  
 Will meet protection there.——

Zen. The gods inspire  
 The happy counsel—ha !——Tigranes comes !  
 Retire Megistus (he goes out) a gay dawn of hope  
 Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

## ZENOBIA, TIGRANES.

Tig. Hail princess, destin'd to imperial sway,  
 To grace with beauty Pharasmanes' throne !  
 By me th' impatient king requests you'll fix  
 The happy nuptial hour.——

Zen. Thou might'st as well  
 Command me wed the forked lightning's blaze  
 That gilds the storm, and be in love with horror.

Tig. Take heed, rash fair !—an eastern monarch's  
 love,

Ardent as his, must not be made the sport  
 Of tyrant beauty—when a rival dares  
 Oppose his sov'reign's wish——

Zen. Does Pharasmenes,  
 Say,—does your king permit his spies of state,  
 That curse of human kind, to breathe their whispers  
 In his deluded ear ?

Tig. Full well 'tis known.

That

That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,  
And draws your heart's allegiance from your king.

Zen. Thou vile accuser!—if the prince's virtues  
Have touch'd my bosom, what hast thou to urge?

—What if a former Hymeneal vow  
Has bound my soul?—what if a father, Sir,  
A father dear as my heart's purple drops,  
Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to share

The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

Tig. Madam, those words——

Zen. Thou instrument of ill!

Who still art ready with a tale suborn'd,  
And if thou art not perjur'd, dar'st betray;—  
Away—and let thy conscience tell the rest. [Exit.

Tig. [alone] Vain haughty fair!—thou hast pro-  
vok'd my rage

By wrongs unnumber'd—but for all those wrongs  
Soon shall inevitable ruin seize thee.——

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

Rhad. Perhaps e're this your king's tumultuous  
passions

Sink to a calm, and reason takes her turn.

Then seek him, Sir, and bear a Roman's message,  
The terms of peace humanity suggests.

Tell him Flaminius wishes to prevent

The rage of slaughter, and the streams of blood  
Which else shall deluge yonder crimson plains.

Tig. Already Roman, his resolve is fix'd,——  
War, horrid war impends.——

Rhad. And yet in pity  
To human kind, to the unhappy millions

Who soon shall die, and with their scatter'd bones  
Whiten the plains of Asia,—it were best

To sheathe the sword; and join in Rome's alliance.  
Wilt thou convey my message?

Tig. I obey.——

[Exit.

Rhad. (alone) May some propitious pow'r inspire his  
heart,

And touch the springs of human kindness in him.  
Else against whom amidst the charging hosts

Must



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Must Rhadamistus' sword be levell'd — ha! —  
 Spite of his crimes he is my father still —  
 And must this arm against the source of life —  
 Nay more, — perhaps against a brother too,  
 — A brother still unknown! — he too may die  
 By this unconscious hand! — this hand already  
 Injur'd to murder whom my heart adores! —  
 — My brother then may bleed! — and when in death  
 Gasping he lies, and pours his vital stream,  
 Then in that moment shall the gen'rous youth  
 Extend his arms, and with a piteous look  
 Tell me — a brother doth forgive his murderer? —  
 — Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackest woe,  
 To be a wretch abhor'd, author of crimes  
 From which my tortur'd breast revolts with horror! —  
 — Who's there? — a youth comes forward — now be  
 firm,  
 Be firm my heart — and guard thy fatal secret! —

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Ter. Illustrious Roman, — if misfortune's son,  
 A wretched, — ruin'd — miserable prince  
 May claim attention —

Rhad. Ha — can this be!  
 The graces of his youth, — each feeling here,  
 Here at my heart strings tell me 'tis my brother! [aside.

Ter. I see you're mov'd, and I intrude too far. —

Rhad. Pursue your purpose — warmest friendship  
 for you  
 Glows in this breast —

Ter. Tho' Pharasmenes' fury  
 Maintains a fix'd hostility with Rome,  
 Blend not the son with all a father's crimes. —

Rhad. Go on — I pant to hear —

Ter. My father's cruelty  
 Each day breaks out in some new act of horror,  
 Nor lets the sword grow cool from human blood.  
 First in his brother's breast he plung'd it, — then  
 Inflam'd to fiercer rage gainst his own son,  
 Oh! Rhadamistus! thou much injur'd prince! —

Rhad. And didst thou love that brother?

B

Ter.

Ter. Gen'rous Roman,  
He liv'd far hence remote—I ne'er beheld him,  
But the wide world resounded with his fame.

Rhad. Hold, hold my tears!—oh! they will burst  
their way

At this his virtuous tenderness and love! [aside.

Ter. And dost thou weep too Roman?

Rhad. From such horror,

And so much cruelty my nature shrinks.—

—Whatever purpose rolls within thy breast,  
Boldly confide it—shall I arm'd with vengeance  
Assault the purple tyrant in his camp?

Or wilt thou join my steps;—then in the front  
Of a brave vet'ran legion head the war,  
Seek the usurper 'midst his plumed troops,  
And thus avenge mankind?

Ter. No; far from me,  
Far be the guilt of meditating aught  
Against the life from whence my being sprung.

Let him oppress me,—he's a parent still!—

Rhad. He rives my heart!—oh! what a lot is  
mine! [aside.

Ter. Not for myself I fear; but oh! Flaminus,  
A lovely captive,—'tis for her I tremble;—

For Ariana,—for that sweet perfection;—

She is her sex's boast!—her gentle bosom

Fraught with each excellence!—her form and fig-  
ture

Touch'd by the hand of elegance;—adorn'd  
By ev'ry grace, and cast in beauty's mould!—

—Her Pharasmanes means to ravish from me!—

But thou convey her hence—'tis all I ask.—

Rhad. By heav'n I will—do thou too join our  
flight;

—Armenia shall be thine, and that sweet maid

Reward thy goodness with conjugal love,

Adorn thy throne, and make a nation bless'd!—

Ter. Make Ariana happy;—bear her hence

And save those bright unviolated charms

From Pharasmanes' pow'r—when wish'd for peace

Settles a jarring world, Flaminus then,

Then will I seek thee.—Wilt thou then resign her?

Rhad,

Rhad. Yes then, as pure as the unsullied snow  
That never felt a sunbeam; — then I'll give her  
Back to thy faithful love.

Ter. Thou gen'rous Roman,  
In gratitude I bow — she's here at hand;  
A moment brings her to you, while at distance  
I watch each avenue, each winding path,  
That none intrude upon your privacy. — [Exit.

Rhad. (alone.) At length I've seen my brother;  
know how much  
He differs from his father! — he shall seek  
The Roman tents; — I'll there disclose myself;  
There will embrace him with a brother's love. —  
Oh! how the tender transport heaves and swells,  
Till thus the fond excess dissolves in tears! —

Enter MEGISTUS, leading ZENOBIA.

Zen. Alas! my heart forbodes I know not  
what —

Meg. Dispel each doubt — this is your only re-  
fuge. —

Zen. Thou gen'rous Roman, — if distress like  
mine —

If an unhappy captive may approach thee —

Rhad. To me affliction's voice — ye pow'rs of heav'n!  
That air! — those features! — that remember'd  
glance

Zen. If thus a wretch's presence can alarm you —

Rhad. The music of that voice! — such once she  
look'd!

And if I had not plung'd her in the stream, —  
I could persuade myself —

Zen. Those well known accents!  
Those tender soft regards! — nay mock me not! —  
I could not hope to see thee — tell me — art thou —  
That once ador'd! — oh! (faints into Megistus' arms.)

Meg. Ah! her strength forsakes her —  
Support her heav'n! — (catches her in his arms.)

Rhad. Ye wonder-working gods!  
Is this illusion all? or does your goodness  
Indeed restore her? — If I do not dream,



If this be true, — oh! let those angel-eyes  
Open to life, to love and Rhadamistus,

Meg. What further miracles doth heav'n prepare; —

Zen. Forgive my weakness — the air painted image  
Of my lov'd lord — and see! — again it's present! —  
That look that speaks the fond impassion'd soul!

Yes, such he was! — oh! art thou — tell me — say —  
Art thou restor'd me? — art thou Rhadamistus? —

Rhad. I have not murder'd her! — benignant gods!  
I am not guilty — my Zenobia lives! —

Zen. It is my lord — oh! I can hold no longer, —  
But this delighted spring to his embrace,  
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kisses,  
And thus, and thus, — speak my enraptur'd soul.

Rhad. She lives! she lives! what kind protecting god  
Long lost, and long lamented gives thee back,  
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice  
With joy to ecstasy, with tears to rapture?

Zen. This good old man — 'twas he preserv'd me  
for you. —

Meg. Oh! day of charms! — oh! unexpected hour!  
I have not liv'd in vain — these gushing eyes  
Have seen their mutual transports! —

Rhad. Gen'rous friend,  
Come to my heart, — Zenobia's second father! —

Zen. Thou art indebted more than thou can'st pay  
him, —

Indebted for our infant babe preserv'd,  
The blossom of our joys! — thou can'st not think  
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee. —

Rhad. Oh! mighty gods! — it is too much of bliss,  
Too exquisite to bear! — these barbarous hands  
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child! —  
— Wilt thou forgive me — oh! my best delight,  
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?

— Wilt thou Zenobia? —

Zen. Will I, gracious heav'n? —  
Thou source of all my comfort! —

Meg. Ha! beware,  
Beware, my prince! — but now with hasty step  
I saw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

Rhad. Th' ambassador of Rome he seeks, on bus'ness  
Of

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Of import high—I will prevent his speed——

——And must I then so soon depart Zenobia?

Zen. Hence, quickly hence——anon we'll meet again——

Rhad. Yes, we will meet; the gods have giv'n thee to me,

And they will finish their own holy work. [Exit.

Meg. My pray'rs are heard at length—Zenobia still shall be Armenia's queen.——

Zen. Oh! good Megistus,

Heav'n has been bounteous, and restor'd my lord.——

With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,

And thou, Megistus, thou shalt join our flight;

Plac'd near his throne thy gen'rous zeal shall share

The bright-reward of all thy toil and care;

While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms

Forgot my woes in Rhadamistus' arms.

## A C T IV.

Enter RHADAMISTUS and TERIBAZUS.

Teribazus. **T**HOU art a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!

The best of friends, to save such innocence,

That lovely virgin bloom!—the pious act

Shall to remotest time transmit thy name,

Ennobled by humanity and virtue.

Rhadamistus. Alas! no praise I merit;—'tis a deed That loses virtue's name——

Ter. Flaminius, no!

Thou shalt not derogate from worth like thine.

But oh! beware, my friend; and steel thy heart

Against the sweet illapse of gentler passions.

—To love her were such treachery!—by heav'n!

It were a fraud of a more damned hue——

A fraud to sacred friendship!—but my soul

Rejects the mean suspicion—thou art just,  
And Ariana shall be mine again!

Rhad. If when the tumult of the war is pass'd,  
You then persist to claim her—

Ter. Then persist!

—When I do not persist,—whene'er my heart  
Forgets the fond idea—ha!—take heed—  
Your colour dies by fits,—and now again  
It flushes o'er your cheek—if beauty's pow'r  
Can waken soft desire,—and sure such beauty  
May warm the breast of stoic apathy,—  
If thou can'st love,—reign the trust at once  
For oh! to lose her, to behold those charms,  
That all-perfection yielded to another,  
Were the worst agony, the keenest stab  
That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.—  
The thought,—the very thought inflames to  
madness!

Rhad. (Aside.) Not till the fever of his mind subdues,  
Must I reveal me,—the disclosure now  
Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,  
And bury all in ruin—let her then,  
Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid  
Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,  
—Since you will have it so—since weak mistrust  
Can taint a noble spirit,—let her here  
Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,  
Its various graces;—bid those radiant eyes  
Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,  
Inflame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

Ter. Madness and horror!—no!—haste, fly, be-  
gone,  
And give her hence safe-conduct—I can trust  
To Roman continence—your Scipio's praise  
Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip!

Rhad. Thou too attend her steps;—watch all  
her ways;  
When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,  
Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear;  
The web which fate has wove—beware, my friend—  
Tigranes comes—what would'st thou, Sir?

Enter



Enter TIGRANES.

Tigranes. The king  
 Grants you one parley more——ev'n now this way  
 He bends his steps—remote from all he means  
 To hold a private conf'rence——

Rhad. Rome's ambassador  
 Attends his pleasure.—— [Exit Tigranes.]

Ter. I must hence, Flaminius—  
 Farewell!—yet ere thou go'st—I still must crave  
 Another interview——farewell!——remember,  
 My love, my life, my all depend on thee.—— [Exit.]

Rhad. Ah! luckless prince!——how lost in error's  
 maze

Blindly he wanders, and love's sweet delusion  
 Infuses its enchantment through his heart!  
 But when remov'd from Pharasmanes' pow'r  
 He learns my prior claim——his gen'rous friendship  
 Will bound with transport at a brother's joys,  
 And with a warmth of sympathy partake 'em.  
 But ha?——my father!——grant me strength, ye  
 pow'rs!

To meet the dread encounter.——

Enter PHARASMENES.

Phar. Once again  
 Ere you depart, if Pharasmanes deign  
 To treat, and thus expostulate with Rome,  
 'Tis to thy pray'rs I grant it.

Rhad. Rome had rather  
 Persuade than conquer——her well-balanc'd justice——

Phar. No more of Roman justice——blazon not  
 Virtues you ne'er have practis'd——with the name,  
 The specious name of love for human kind  
 You sanctify th' insatiate rage of conquest,  
 And where the sword has made a solitude,  
 That you proclaim a peace.——Ev'n now your views  
 Stand manifest to fight——To thee 'tis known  
 That Rhadamistus lives!——

Rhad.

Rhad. How, Sir!—can he—  
Does that unhappy Prince—

Phar. Thou false dissembler!—  
Yes, in thy heart the fatal secret's lodg'd—

Rhad. Sir, if your son—if you will search his heart—

Phar. From certain fugitives I've learn'd it all—  
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,  
To war against his father still he lives!  
Why dost thou droop dejected?—something lurks  
Beneath that burning blush—

Rhad. That burning blush  
Glow's on my cheek for thee—I know your son,  
And know him unsusceptible of guilt.

Phar. Then, Roman, mark my words—would'st thou  
prevent

The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains?—  
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms  
With him, who brings me Rhadamistus' head.

Rhad. Your own son's head!—

Phar. Why do'st thou gaze so earnest?  
Why those emotions struggling for a vent?

Rhad. Amazement checks my voice, and lost in  
wonder

I view the unnatural father, who would bathe  
His hands in blood,—in a son's blood—a son  
Who pants,—with ardour pants,—on terms of peace  
To sheathe the sword, and with a filial hand,  
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

Phar. By heav'n 'tis false—has he not dar'd to league  
With my determin'd foes?—ev'n to the senate,  
To ev'ry region, where his voice could pierce,  
Has he not fled with the delusive story?  
With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world!  
And even now, does not the stripling come  
To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

Rhad. Tho' urg'd by dire constraint, yet heav'n can  
witness

His strong reluctance.—

Phar. Let the rebel know  
He never shall ascend Armenia's throne.

Rhad. And shall destruction with her horrid train  
Stalk o'er the land?—

Phar.

Phar. Yes——let destruction loose——

'Tis Pharasmanes' glory——

Rhad. Can the rage,

And the wild tumult of destructive havoc

Administer delight!—alas!—the day

That deluges the land with human blood,

Is that a day of glory?——

I, Sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,

Where war had spent its rage—had'st thou beheld——

That scene of horror,—where unnumber'd wretches

In mangled heaps lay weltring in their gore;

Where the fond father in the gasp of death

Wept for his children,—where the lover sigh'd

For her, whom never more his eyes could view;

Where various misery sent forth its groans;——

Had'st thou beheld that scene,—the touch of nature

Had stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop

Of pity gush'd unbidden from the eye.——

Phar. Enervate slave!——here ends all further  
parley——

Go tell your gen'ral, tell your Roman chiefs,

The father claims his son.—Have we not heard

How your own Brutus to the listor's sword

Condemn'd his children!—and would Rome dispute

A king's paternal pow'r?——let 'em yield up

The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms

Shall Pharasmanes overwhelm their legions,

Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs

Give to the vulture's beak.

Rhad. And yet reflect——

Phar. Roman! no more——

Rhad. Unwilling I withdraw;——

A father's stern resolve the son shall mourn,

And with a pang of nature shall behold

The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee. [Exit.

Phar. (alone) Away, and leave me, slave!——to-  
morrow's sun

Shall see my great revenge—mean time I give

The gentle hours to love and Ariana.——

What ho! Tigranes!

Enter



Enter TIGRANES.

Pha. Does the stubborn fair  
Yield to my ardent vows?

Tig. She mocks your passion,  
And gives to Teribazus all her smiles.

Phar. By heav'n! ev'n love itself shall be my slave! —  
—Yet love like mine requires her soft consent,  
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms. —

—Quick, bring her father to me —

Tig. By your orders  
At hand Megistus waits your sov'reign will. [Exit.

Phar. Bring him before us — wise and prudent age  
Will plead my cause, and second my desires.

Enter MEGISTUS.

Megistus. Dread Sir — a blameless, — a distressed old  
man,

Of guilt unconscious —

Phar. Whatso'er thy guilt  
A smile from Ariana expiates all.

Meg. Believe me, Sir, I never have offended —  
She was my sole delight; my age's comfort; —  
For he I felt more than a parent's love —  
But 'midst the troubles that distract the land  
I lost her — in despair — with yearning heart  
I rang'd the country round in fond pursuit —  
This is my crime — sure 'tis no crime to love  
Such blooming innocence! —

Phar. Dispel thy fears —  
Thy love for Ariana speaks thy virtue —  
That graceful form, that symmetry of shape,  
That bloom, those features, those love-darting eyes,  
All, all attract, that there each fond admirer  
Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

Meg. Alas! whate'er the symmetry of shape,  
Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,  
Glow in her bloom, or sparkles in her eye,  
They all are transient beauties, soon to fade,  
And leave inanimate that decent form.

Inward

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Inward affliction laps the vital frame,  
Incurable affliction! — fix'd in woe  
Her eyes for ever motionless and dim  
Gaze on the fancied image of her husband,

Phar. Her husband?

Meg. Yes; a husband sever'd from her  
By fatal chance! — him she for ever sees  
With fancy's gushing eye, and seeks him still  
In fond excursions of delusive thought.  
She pines each hour, and ev'n in blooming dies,  
As drooping roses, — while the worm unseen  
Preys on their fragrant sweets, still beauteous look,  
And waste their aromatic lives in air.

Phar. The rose transplanted to a warmer sky  
Shall raise its languid head, and all be well.

Meg. Her husband still survives, and far remote  
he wanders in Armenia's realm —

Phar. No more

To call her hist — by all my promis'd joys  
His doom is fix'd! — do thou streight seek thy daughter,  
My dearest Ariana — in her ear  
Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice  
And reconcile her heart to love and me.

Meg. Your pardon, Sir, — it were not fit my voice  
Should teach her to betray her holy vows.

Phar. When Pharasmanes speaks —

Meg. My life is his, —

And when he wills it, 'tis devoted to him —  
But, Sir, though poor, — my honour still is mine,  
'Tis all that heav'n has giv'n me, — and that gift  
The gods expect I never should resign.

Phar. And dost thou hesitate? — what, when a  
crown

Invites thy daughter to imperial splendor?

Meg. O! not for me such splendor! — I have liv'd  
My humble days in virtuous poverty.

To tend my flock, to watch each rising flow'r,  
Each herb, each plant, that drinks the morning dew,  
And lift my praise to the just gods on high! —

These were my habits, these my only cares; —

These hands suffic'd to answer my desires,  
And having naught, — yet naught was wanting to me.

Phar.

Phar. Away, thou slave——I would not quite despise thee——

Or yield your daughter, or my swiftest vengeance,  
Falls on thy hoary head——a monarch's love  
Shall seize her trembling to his eager arms.  
Then spurn her back a prey to wan despair,  
'Till bitter anguish blast each wither'd charm,  
And rave in vain for love and empire scorn'd!—— [Exit.]

Meg (alone.) Fell monster go!——inexorable tyrant!——

Perhaps I should have sooth'd his lion rage  
With feign'd compliance——ha!——why sudden thus——

Enter ZENOBIA.

Zenobia. Th' important hour, Megistus, now approaches——

Lo! the last blushes of departing day  
But feebly streak yon dim horizon's verge.  
My Rhadamistus comes to guide my steps——  
Thro' devious paths seek thou Zopiron's tent——  
Thus we shall lull suspicion——

Meg. I obey;——  
May guardian angels spread their wings around thee!——

[Exit.]

Zen. (alone.) Yes, the bless'd gods, who thro' the  
maze of fate  
Have led us once again to meet in life,  
Will prove the friends of virtue to the last.  
——Ha!——Teribazus comes!——

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

Teribazus. And is it given  
Once more to see thee here?——do'st thou avoid me?  
Do'st thou despise me in this tender moment  
When my soul bleeds with anguish at the thought  
Of parting with thee?——Ariana!——

Zen. Oh!——  
Unhappy prince!——oh! fly me; shun me; death  
And ruin follow——one short moment's stay  
Will rouse your father's rage——

Ter.



Ter. My father's rage  
 Already has undone me——ah! in tears!——  
 —And do they fall for me?—does that soft sigh  
 Heave for the lost, afflicted Teribazus?——

Zen. Yes the year falls, and the sigh heaves for  
 thee ——

Thy elegance of mind—the various graces  
 That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero,——  
 Nay, other ties there are which strongly plead,  
 And bid me tremble for thee.——  
 And yet—sad recompense for all thy friendship  
 To warn thee hence,—to bid thee shun my ways,  
 Is all the gratitude I now can offer.——

Ter. Thus must we part?——

Zen. A rival is at hand——  
 Here in the camp,—an unexpected rival,——  
 Sent by the gods,—the idol of my soul!

Ter. What say'st thou, Ariana?—has another  
 Usurp'd thy heart?—unkind relentless maid!——  
 Since first thy beauty dawn'd, upon my sight,  
 How have I lov'd,—repented,—yet lov'd on!——  
 Ev'n against you,—against myself I struggled——  
 Present I fled you,—absent I ador'd——  
 I fled for refuge to the forest's gloom,——  
 But in the forest's gloom thy image met me!  
 The shades of night, the lustre of the day,  
 All, all retraced my Ariana's form.——  
 Thy form pursued me in the battle's rage,  
 'Midst shouts, and all the clangor of the war.  
 —It stole me from myself!—my lonely tent  
 Re-echoes with my groans, and in the ranks  
 The wond'ring soldier hears my voice no more.

Zen. Yet leave me, Teribazus—gen'rous youth!  
 Remembrance oft shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

Ter. Another's claim!—why wilt thou torture thus  
 A fond despairing wretch?—oh! not for me  
 Those sorrows fall—they are another's tears;——  
 —Another claims them from me—name this rival  
 That my swift fury—tell me has Flaminius,  
 Has the base Roman broke his promis'd faith?  
 Will not the barb'rous man afford you shelter?

E

Zen.

Zen. Why wilt thou force me speak?—the fate of all,

Thine Teribazus,—mine,—the fate of one,  
Whom, were he known,—thy heart holds ever dear;  
Is now concern'd—Flaminius claims my love—  
Long since he won my heart—

Ter. Vindictive gods!

Flaminius claims thy love!—not Cæsar's self  
Shall dare to wrest thee from me—Ariana!—  
Thus on my knees,—would I could perish here—  
That ev'n in death I still might gaze upon thee,  
Till the last pang divide thee from my heart.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

Rhadamistus. It was the voice of anguish and despair!  
Why thus illustrious prince—

Ter. (Starting up.) Thou treach'rous Roman!—  
Who com'st to violate each sacred tie,  
The laws of honour, and the laws of love!  
Who com'st beneath the mask of public faith  
To do a robber's work!—

Rhad. When to your camp  
I bring a heart that longs to serve you, prince,  
Why this intemp'rate rage?—

Ter. To do the work  
Of perfidy and fraud!—but first by rapine,  
By violated maids your city grew;—  
And do you come to emulate your fires;  
Unwilling to degenerate in vice.—

Rhad. Mistaken youth!—oh! if you did but know  
me!  
If you but knew the justice Rome intends—

Ter. Justice and Rome!—and dost thou dare to  
join  
Two names so opposite?—have we not heard  
Of frugal consuls, and of stoic chiefs,  
Who soon forgetting here their Sabine farms,  
Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome  
Rich with the plunder of the risted east?  
Again some new Lucullus leads them on,  
Fir'd with the love of rapine—

Rhad.

Rhad. Fir'd with zeal  
To break a nation's chains—would'st thou but hear  
me—

—It is a friend implores—

Zen. A gen'rous friend! —

'Then listen to him—let these streaming eyes,  
'These earnest pray'rs—this supplicating form—

Ter. Leagu'd with my foe behold her!—mighty  
gods! —

Have I deserv'd it of her? —

Rhad. Yet be calm —

Yet listen to me—Oh! I could unfold—

Yet stay—I'll prove myself a brother to thee.

Ter. Roman expect me in the battle's front —

Instant depart,—but leave thy prey behind; —

Dare not,—I charge thee dare not, tempt her  
hence —

To-morrow's sun shall see me cloath'd in terror

Pursue thy steps thro' all the ranks of war,

Till my spear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground. [Exit.

#### RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA.

Zen. Yet, Rhadamistus, call him—let him know —

Rhad. Thou lovely trembler!—banish ev'ry fear—

The time now bids us hence—and lo! the moon  
Streams her mild radiance on the rustling grove.—

—I will conduct thee—ha! Zopiron —

#### Enter ZOPIRON.

Rhad, Come

Thou best of men, let me once more embrace thee. —

Zop. Oh! speed thee hence—each moment's big  
with death—

Rhad. Farewell! farewell! when I've escap'd your  
camp

Seek thou my brother; soothe his troubled spirit.

Explain these wonders;—tell him Rhadamistus

Esteems and loves, and honours all his virtues.—

Farewell Zopiron!—in Armenia's court

Thy king shall thank thy goodness—my Zenobia,



Zen. Why wilt thou force me speak?—the fate of all,

Thine Teribazus,—mine,—the fate of one,  
Whom, were he known,—thy heart holds ever dear;  
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Streams her mild radiance on the rustling grove.——  
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Seek thou my brother; soothe his troubled spirit.  
Explain these wonders;——tell him Rhadamistus  
Esteems and loves, and honours all his virtues.——  
Farewell Zopiron!—in Armenia's court

Thy king shall thank thy goodness—my Zenobia,

Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger  
To life, to love, to liberty and joy.

[Exit with Zenobia.]

Zop. Lo! the heav'ns smile with gentlest aspect on  
them! —

This calm serene that ev'ry planet sheds  
To light their steps,—this glad ethereal mildness  
Is sure the token of incircling gods  
That hover anxious o'er the solemn scene! —

Enter PHARASMANES, TIGRANES following.

Pharasmanes. Let Teribazus streight attend our presence. —

Tigranes. But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour.

He enter'd yonder tent —

Phar. Bid him approach us. —

Then do thou round the midnight watch, and see  
That Rome's ambassador has left my camp.

[Exit Tigranes.]

This war, Zopiron, shall be soon extinguish'd  
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

Zop. Armenia, Sir, still obstinately mourns  
Lost Mithridates, father of his people,  
Her hardy sons with one consenting voice  
Demand a king from Rome ;—all leagu'd and sworn  
Never to crouch beneath the conqu'rors yoke.

Phar. But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,  
They'll shrink aghast, and own my sov'reign sway.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Phar. Thou base confed'rate with thy father's  
foes!

Teribazus. The accusation, Sir,—if proof support it,

Gives you my forfeit life, and I resign it,  
Freely resign—if destitute of proof,  
It is a stab to honour,—and the charge  
Should not be lightly urg'd. —

Phar. This arrogance

Teat



That dictates to a father——

Ter. 'Tis the spirit  
Of injur'd innocence——if Pharasmanes  
Suspect my truth,—send me where danger calls;——  
Bid me this moment carry death and slaughter  
To rage in yonder camp;—— yes, then your son  
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

Phar. Hast thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'rest  
passion,  
And to seduce my Ariana's love?

Ter. And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt  
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,  
'Tis past—the charm is o'er—no longer now  
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph!——  
In vain she now may call forth all her graces,  
Instruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,  
And practice all the wonders of her face,  
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

Enter TIGRANES.

Tigranes. Th' ambassador of Rome, and that old  
traitor  
The false Megistus——

Phar. Speak; unfold thy purpose.——

Tig. Together left the camp, and in their train  
Bear Ariana with them——

Ter. Ariana!——  
Have the slaves dar'd—detested treachery!

Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

Phar. Haste, fly, pursue her; bring the trait'refs  
back!

Ter. My rapid vengeance shall o'ertake their flight;  
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains. [Exit.

Phar. Do thou, Tigranes, with a chosen band  
Circle yon hills, and intercept their march.  
And thou, Zopiron, send my swiftest horse  
To range the wood, and sweep along the vale.

[Exit. Tigranes.

Zop. Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid. [Exit.

Phar. (alone.) Has the perfidious,—yet ador'd de-  
ceiver.

Thus has she left me?—from a monarch's smile  
Fled with a lawless ravager from Rome?—

Oh! give me vengeance; give Flaminius to me,  
That he may die in agony unheard of.—

The trait'ress then,—spite of each winning art,—  
Spite of her guilt—she triumphs in my heart.

## A C T V.

Pharasmanes. **N**OT yet return'd!—I'm tortur'd  
on the rack—

By heav'n to-morrow's dawn—distracting thought!

Ere that the Roman ravager enjoys

Her heav'n of bliss, and riots in delight.

My soul's on fire—this night I'll storm his camp

And dash his promis'd joys;—let lose my rage,

[A flourish of trumpets.

And bury all in ruin—ha!—what means

This new alarm?

Enter TERIBAZUS, Soldiers, &c.

Teribazus. The treach'rous slave is taken!—

My speed outstripp'd him, and this arm that seiz'd

Hath well secur'd the traitor—

Pharasmanes. Great revenge,

The measure of thy joys is full!

Ter. At first

They made a feeble stand;—but hemm'd around

And close incircled by the sons of Asia

They saw death threat'ning at each javelins point.

I rush'd upon Flaminius—much he courted

A secret parley, but my soul disdain'd

All further conference—he and his comploter

The base Megistus, with the fair deserter

Remeasure back their steps, and clank their chains

In

In bitterness of heart.—

Phar. A father's thanks,  
Shall well requite thee—lo! the traitors come—

Enter RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA, MEGISTUS, in  
chains.

Phar. Thou base perfidious!—thou Italian plunderer!

Rhad. I do not mean to wage a war of words.—  
Repent thee of this insult, of these chains  
On him, who represents a people here.

Phar. Anon thou'lt see how I respect that people.  
My just revenge shall tell thee;—on thy head,  
And thine, Megistus, sudden vengeance falls.

Meg. Alas! worn out with age and misery  
I long to lay me in the shroud of death.

Phar. I grant thy wish—what words, fair fugitive,  
Can colour thy deceit?—

Zen. The heart resolv'd  
Wants no excuse, no colouring of words—  
I found my husband,—flew to his embrace;—  
This,—this is he!—the lord of my desires—  
With him content I'll traverse o'er the world.—

Phar. Do'st thou avow it too?—

Zen. Do I avow it?—  
Yes, I exult, I glory in it—Think'st thou  
I'll prove so meanly false to honour's cause  
As to apologize for being faithful!

Ter. I see Flaminius has already school'd her  
In Roman maxims—

Rhad. Miserable prince!  
I will not answer thee—too soon thy heart  
For this last feat will bitterly reproach thee!—

Ter. Away with thy delusive arts—if ever  
I form alliance with that haughty people,  
Those ravagers of earth,—if e'er again  
I hold communion with thee,—may the gods—  
May Pharasmanes,—but it cannot be—  
My heart high beating in my country's cause,  
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome.

[Exit.

Rhad,



Rhad. Thee, Pharasmanes, thee my voice addresses——

Thou know'st my title to her—Hymen's rites  
Long since united both——Then loose these chains;—  
'Tis in the name of Rome I ask it——

Phar. Slave!——

Thy title, by the rights of war, is now extinguish'd,—  
Captivity dissolves her former ties,  
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

Zen. And are there laws to change the human heart?  
To alter the affections of the soul?

Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,  
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.  
This is my husband! source of all my comfort!

With him I'll live—with him will dare to die!——

Phar. By heav'n some mystery——thou treach'rous  
fair!

Mark well my words—unfold thy birth and rank——

My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture——

Who and what art thou?——Vain is ev'ry guess——

Resolve my doubts, or else the Roman's doom

Shall be determin'd straight——

Zen. And my resolve,

Tyrant, is fix'd to share my husband's fate.

That I unfold——that sentiment reveal——

To heav'n and earth reveal it——for the rest

Guess if you can,——determine if you dare.

Phar. Quick, drag Flaminus hence——

Rhad. Slaves, hold your hands——

My character protects me here——

Phar. Dispatch,

Instant dispatch, and seize Megistus too——

[Megistus is led off.

Zen. Horror!——call back the word——it shall  
not be——

Here will I hold him——barb'rous ruffians hold——

Muder!—my life! my lord! my husband! oh!——

[Rhadamistus is dragg'd off.

Phar. Give him the torture; let your keenest pangs  
Extort each secret from him——

Zen:

Zen. Pharasmanes!

Thus lowly humbled, prostrate in the dust,  
Washing your feet with tears—have mercy!—this  
Will be the blackest, worst of all your murders—

Phar. There's but one way to mitigate his doom—

Zen. Give me to know it—spare him—spare his  
life——

Phar. Abjure the slave, and by connubial vows  
This instant make thee partner of my throne.

Zen. My faith, my love, my very life is his——  
My child is his——oh! think thou see'st my infant  
Lifting his little hands——

Phar. I'll hear no more——

Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.

[Exit Pharasmanes.]

Zen. (alone.) Inhuman Tyrant!——madness seize  
my brain——

Swallow me earth—here shall these desp'rate hands  
Strike on thy flinty bosom,—here my voice  
Pierce to thy centre,—till with pity touch'd  
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch  
From hated men,—from misery like this.—

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Ter. Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

Zen. What voice is that—I know thee well——  
thou art

That fiend accurst, the murd'rous Teribazus——

Yes, thou art welcome! (rising) thou delight'st in  
blood——

I am your willing victim—plunge your sword  
Deep in my heart—I'll thank thee for the stroke,  
Since thou hast murder'd all my soul held dear.

Ter. Assuage this storm of grief, nor blame a lover  
That dotes like me—could I behold that form  
Snatch'd from my arms?——

Zen. You know not what you have done——  
Your blameless brother——

Ter. How!

Zen. You've murder'd him——  
Your brother Rhadamistus——

Ter.

Ter. Rhadamistus!—

Zen. By thee he dies—that is your splendid deed—

Ter. What say'st thou?—he my brother—urge me  
not

To instant madness—is he—tell me—say——

Art thou Zenobia?——

Zen. Yes, that fatal wretch!——

Ter. If this be so——what had I done, ye pow'rs!

To merit this extremity of woe——

—Why did'st thou hide the awful secret from me?—

Zen. Could I betray him——could I trust your  
father,

Whose fell ambition, whose relentless rage,  
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads!

Ter. Then shall this hated being——no!——  
I'll live

To save a brother still——he shall not die——

Oh! let me seek him,——throw me at his feet,

Implore forgiveness, and protract his days.

[Exit Teribazus.

Zen. It is in vain——he's lost——we both must  
perish——

And then my child—who then shall guard his youth?

No more these eyes shall see him—my sweet boy

Will break his heart, and unregarded die.——

Enter ZOPIRON.

Zopiron. All's lost! all ruin'd!——to the cave of  
death

Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamistus forth.

Zen. Thou see'st the sad reverse!——immortal spi-  
rits,——

Ye winged virtues—that with pitying eye

Watch the afflicted,—will ye not inspire

In this sad hour,—one great, one glorious thought,

Above the vulgar flight of common souls,

To save at once my husband and my child!—

—The inspiration comes!—the bright idea

Expands my heart, and charms my glowing soul.

Zop. My gracious queen, let not a blind despair—

Zen!



Zen. Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inspires!  
The god! the god!—my heart receives him all—  
—My lord, my Rhadamistus still shall live. [Exit.]

Zop. Yet I conjure thee, hear thy faithful slave.—  
[Follows her out.]

Enter RHADAMISTUS, and guards.

Rhad. Say, whither do you lead me?—does your  
tyrant  
Repent his horrid outrage?

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Ter. Guards withdraw  
To a remoter ground— [Exeunt Soldiers.]

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS.

Rhad. Mistaken prince!  
My heart bleeds for thee.—

Ter. Oh! too well I know  
The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me.  
—I cannot look upon thee—

Rhad. Oh! my brother,  
Thus let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee!—

Ter. Do'st thou forgive me?—could I e'er have  
thought

To see thee here? my rashness has undone thee!

Rhad. No, thou art innocent—the guilt is mine,  
The guilt of mean, ungenerous policy  
Of selfish wisdom, disingenuous art  
That from a friend kept back the fatal secret,  
When with the ardour of unbounded confidence,  
I should have rush'd with transport to thy arms,  
Unbesom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

Ter. Alas! I've heap'd these horrors on your head—  
I've seal'd thy doom—that is a brother's gift—

The first essay of Teribazus' friendship!—

But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,  
Of men and gods abhorr'd—doom'd like my father

To drench these murd'rous hands in brother's blood!—  
Rhad.

Rhad. Imbitter not the pangs that rive my soul!—  
Where is Zenobia?—unrelenting pow'rs!  
Was it for this your persecuting wrath  
Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-sweetness  
To these delighted eyes, these eager arms!

Ter. I'll give you freedom still—by heav'n I will?—

Rhad. Was she but giv'n me to afflict her more?  
To wake in that dear breast a gleam of joy,  
A mockery of joy,—joy scarce, ye pow'rs!  
Divided by the moment of delight  
From black despair, from agony and death?

Ter. I will protect her,—will restore her to thee,  
Or do a deed shall strike mankind with horror!  
Not ev'n a father shall retard my sword—  
In his own blood I drench it—

Rhad. Ha!—

Ter. This hand.

Ere thou shalt fall a victim to his fury,  
Shall to the heart,—th' inhuman heart of him—  
Who dares—

Rhad. No more of that—can I consent,  
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,  
For ev'ry virtue fam'd—shall thus debase  
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,  
And perpetrate a dark insidious work?  
—Oh! I should well deserve the worst of ills—

—I then should justify a father's cruelty!—

Ter. He has undone thee—has undone us all—  
But yet thou shalt not die—by heav'n I swear—  
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart  
Thy blackest purpose—nerve my lifted arm  
To dash him headlong from his glitt'ring throne  
A terrible example to the world.

Rhad. Beware, beware, my brother—yet  
reflect—

You would strike vice with terror—tell me then,  
Would not the act of rash impetuous zeal,  
Would not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?  
Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardor—  
But oh! my brother, let it not be said  
That virtue ever held the murderer's knife!

Ter.

A T R A G E D Y. 61

Ter. Gods! have I ruin'd such unheard of goodness? —

Swift I'll dispatch a message to Paulinus,  
And call his legions to assault the camp. —

Enter TIGRANES, and Guards.

Tig. Guards, seize your prisoner — in a dungeon's gloom

Plunge him sequester'd from the light of heav'n.

'Tis Pharasmanes' will —

Ter. Thou meddling fiend!

I will attend his steps; will still protect him  
From men like thee —

Rhad. Should Pharasmanes dare  
To violate the rights of public law,  
Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.

[Exit with Teribazus.]

Tig. My thirst of vengeance shall be sat'd first —

Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin sure!

Thy Ariana too, while fate is busy,

Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory  
All smooth and level to ambition's wish.

Enter ZOPIRON.

Zop. 'Gainst Rome's ambassador the king, Tigranes,  
Suspends his sentence till his further orders.

The queen commands it too.

Tig. The queen — what queen?

Zop. The beauteous Ariana; now your sovereign.

Tig. Has she relented! — is she married to him?

Zop. She is — the scene with various passions  
burn'd! —

Her tresses all unbound, with faded charms,

Yet lovely ev'n in sorrow, thro' the ranks

Eager she flew, with shrieks, with outstretch'd arms,

Invoking ev'ry god! — the wond'ring soldier

With soften'd sinews, dropt the sword to earth

And gaz'd with mix'd emotions at the pass'd.

Prone to the ground at Pharasmanes' feet



She fell—he rais'd her soon, and smil'd consent—  
To the king's tent she press'd with eager speed—  
Th' exulting monarch call'd his priests around him,  
And soon with solemn march and festive song  
In his pavilion sought the blooming bride.

Tig. This sudden change, Zopiron, this rash haste,  
I like it not—

Zop. Nor I, Tigranes: doubt,  
Suspicion, fear, and wonder, and mistrust,  
Rise in each anxious thought—

Tig. But did'st thou see  
The ceremony clos'd—

Zop. I did:—at first  
All pale and trembling Ariana stood.  
Then more collected, with undaunted step  
She to the altar bore the nuptial cup,  
There reverent bow'd, and "hear ye gods," she said,  
"Hear and record the purpose of my soul."  
With trembling lips then kiss'd the sacred vase,  
And as our country's solemn rites require,  
Drank off the hallow'd liquor.—From her hand  
The king receiv'd it, and with eager joy,  
As to his soul he took the nectar'd draught,  
With stedfast eye she view'd him, whilst a smile  
Of sickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her visage.

Tig. Well, she's our queen—the diadem is hers—

Zop. How long to wear it, heav'n alone can tell—

[The back scene draws, and discovers the king's pavillion, with an altar, and fire blazing on it; soft music is play'd; and they come forward.

PHARASMENES and ZENOBIA.

Phar. At length my Ariana's soft compliance  
Endears the present bliss, and gives an earnest  
Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

Zen. Alas! fond man expatiates oft in fancy,  
Unconscious of the fates, and oft in thought  
Anticipates a bliss he never enjoys—

Phar. Away with gloomy care; for thou art young,  
Thou, Ariana—all our future days  
Shall smile with gay, with ever-young desire,  
And not a cloud o'ercast the bright serene.

Zen.

Zen. And does thy penetrating eye pervade  
What time has yet in store?

Phar. Why dost thou ask?

Zen. I have been us'd to grief—release the Roman,  
And give him hence safe conduct to his friends;—  
I then shall be at peace.——

Phar. Beware, beware!

Nor rouse again the pangs, that fire a soul,  
Which fiercely doats like mine.

Zen. Dismiss him hence;

Give him his life—it was your marriage vow  
He should not suffer—let me see him first;—  
Grant me one interview, —one little hour;  
In that poor space I can crowd all that's left me  
Of love and tenderness, and fond concern,  
Before we part for ever——

Phar. Fond concern!

And love, and tenderness!——and shall the Roman  
Usurp a monarch's due?——that look betrays  
The secret workings of a heart estrang'd!  
And shall the man, who dares dispute my love,  
Shall the slave breathe a moment?—haste, Tigranes,  
And see immediate execution on him. [Exit Tigranes.

Zen. Oh! stay Tigranes—barb'rous man, recall  
The horrid mandate——

Phar. By immortal love,

I see the slave still triumphs in your heart.

Zen. Oh! spare him, spare him—by the vital air,  
By your own promis'd faith—— [Kneels to him,

Phar. Since lov'd by thee

His doom is doubly seal'd.——

Zen. You shall not fly me——

Now tear me, drag me groveling in the dust,  
Tear off these hands—tear, tear me piece-meal first—

Phar. Nay then since force must do it——

[Shakes her off.

Zen. Barb'rous tyrant!

[She lies stretch'd on the ground.

Phar. I go to see the minion of your heart  
Expire in pangs before me—ha!—what means  
This more than winter's frost that chills my veins?

Zen. (Looking up.) That groan revives, and calls  
me back to life!—

Phar. I cannot move—each vital function's lost—  
The purple current of my blood is stop'd—  
I freeze—I burn—oh! 'tis the stroke of death—

[Falls on the ground.

Zen. (Rising.) Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the stroke of  
death

And I inflict it—I have done it all—

Phar. Pernicious trait'refs! thou!—

Zen. My vengeance did it—

Zenobia's vengeance!—'tis Zenobia strikes—

Zenobia executes her justice on thee!—

Phar. Oh! dire accurs'd event!—art thou Ze-  
nobia?

Zen. Yes, thou fell monster, know me for Zenobia!  
Know the ambassador is Rhadamistus!

Haste thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him king.

[Exit Zopiron.

Phar. May curses light upon thee—oh! I die,  
And racks and wheels disjoint me—

Zen. Write in torment,  
In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew,  
—But I revenge his death—I dash'd the cup  
With precious poison!—(a flourish of trumpets)  
ha!—now tyrant wake,

And hear those sounds—my Rhadamistus reigns!—

Phar. What and no help!—it is too late—the fates,  
The fiends surround me—more than *Ætna's* fires  
Burn in my veins—yet heav'n—no—'tis in vain—  
I cannot rise—my crimes—my tenfold crimes—  
They pull me!—oh!—

[Dies.

Zen. There fled the guilty spirit,  
Shade of my father view your daughter now!  
Behold her struggling in a righteous cause!  
Behold her conqu'ring in the tyrant's camp!  
Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the dust!—

(a second flourish of trumpets.

Rhadamistus. (Within the scenes.) Where is Ze-  
nobia!—

Zen. Rhadamistus, here—

Enter



# A T R A G E D Y.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS,  
ZOPIRON, &c.

Rhad. Oh! let me, let me thus,——thus pour  
my soul,

Thus speak my joy,——thus melt within thy arms.——

Zen. My lord! my life, my Rhadamistus! ——  
come,

Grow to my heart,——that bounds and springs to meet  
thee.——

Rhad. Once more reviv'd and snatch'd again from  
death

Thus do I see thee!——these are speechless joys,  
And tears alone express them——

Zen. Have I sav'd thee?

All-gracious gods! 'tis rapture in the extreme! ——

Rhad. My sweet deliverer! my all of bliss! ——

Zen. Oh! it is joy too exquisite——and yet  
Grief will imbitter ecstasy like this! ——

There lies your father!

Rhad. All his crimes

Be ours'd with him!——nature will have way,

And o'er his corse thus sheds the filial tear.

Teribazus. Oh! that my tears could wash away his  
stains! ——

Zen. Wilt thou forgive his murderer? ——

Rhad. For thee,

Beset with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wert,

In ev'ry region fame shall clap her wings,

And the recording muse applaud thy virtue.

Zen. If thou forgiv'st me, I am blest indeed:

Now we shall part no more——Megistus too! ——

Thou good old man!——let me embrace thee——ha!

Megistus. The blood forsakes her cheek——her eyes  
are fix'd! ——

Zen. Support me——help me——oh! I die,——I die. ——

[Falls in Megistus' arms.

Rhad. She faints——her colour dies——revive Ze-  
nobia; ——

Revive my love; ——thy Rhadamistus thus,

Thus calls your flutt'ring spirit back to life.

Zen. It will not be—the toil of life is o'er —  
My Rhadamistus — [Sinks down on the ground.]

Rhad. Must I lose thee, then? —

Zen. Oh! the evenom'd cup?—the marriage rites  
Requir'd that I should drink it first myself —  
There was no other way—I did it freely  
To save thy life—to save thee for my child. —

Rhad. Art thou a victim for a wretch like me?  
Is there no antidote to stop the course  
Of this vile poison? —

Zen. None—it rages now —  
It rages thro' my veins—my eyes grow dim—  
They're lost in darkness—oh!—I cannot see thee—  
Where art thou, Rhadamistus?—must I breathe  
Longer in life—and never see thee more! —  
And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?  
Oh! cruel stars!—must they not fix on thee  
The last expiring glance? —

Rhad. Relentless pow'rs!  
There lies Zenobia!—round that pallid beauty  
Call your ethereal host, each wing'd virtue,  
Call ev'ry angel down,—bid 'em behold  
That matchless excellence, and then refuse  
Soft pity if they can—

Zen. Megistus,—seek my child,—  
And bring him to his father—Rhadamistus,—  
—Wilt thou protect him?—My sweet orphan-babe  
I leave thee too!—oh! train him up in virtue—  
Wilt thou be fond of him—a mother's fondness  
My child should meet—oh! raise me, Rhadamis-  
tus—  
Give me thy hand—my little infant—oh! —

[Dies.]

Rhad. Tears, you do well to stop—your wretched  
drops  
Are unavailing at a sight like this—  
And art thou gone?—ah! thus defac'd and pale,  
Thus do I see thee?—is that ghastly form  
All that is left me of thee?—give me daggers,  
—Give me some instant means of death, my friends,  
That I may throw this load of life away,  
And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

Ter,

Ter. Live, live my brother, for your infant son—  
Let him prevail—

Rhad. Inhuman that thou art!

Think you I'll stay imprison'd here in life,  
When there—behold her—how she smiles in  
death! —

When there that form—think ye I'll linger here?—  
Dead, dead Zenobia! still I have thee thus—

You ne'er shall part us—this at least I'll hold,  
And cling for ever to these pale, pale charms;  
Here breathe my last, and faithful still in death,  
Love shall unite us in one peaceful grave,

Meg. Now, old Megistus, gods! has liv'd too long! —

Ter. Bring every aid, all medicinal skill  
To call a wretched brother back to life,  
And give each lenient balm to woes like his.

From thee, ambition, what misfortunes flow?

To thee what varied ills weak mortals owe?

'Twas this for years laid desolate the land,  
And arm'd against a son the father's hand;  
To black despair poor lost Zenobia drove;  
The hapless victim of disastrous love! —



# EPILOGUE:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

And spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(She peeps thro' the Curtain).

**H**OW do you all, good folks?—In tears for certain,

I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

You're all so full of tragedy and sadness!

For me to come among ye, would be madness:

This is no time for giggling—when you've leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;

As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,

Beat but your hands, that instant I will come

[She enters upon their clapping.

This is so good, to call me out so soon——

The COMIC MUSE by me intreats a boon;

She call'd for PRITCHARD, her first maid of honour,

And begg'd of her to take the ask upon her;

But she,——I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,

Religins her place, and soon retires from court:

To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,

When good folks leave us, worse may have a list.

The COMIC MUSE, whose ev'ry smile is grace,

And her STAGE SISTER, with her tragic face,

Have had a quarrel—each has writ a CASE.

And on their friends assembled now I wait,

To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.

MELPOMENE, complains when she appears,——

For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

To raise your souls, and with her raptures wing'em,

Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring'em.

Some flippant huffey, like myself comes in;

Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,

Hey! PRESTO PASS!——all topsy turvy see,

For HO, HO, HO! is chang'd to HE, HE, HE!

We



## EPILOGUE.

We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,  
'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for—EPILOGUE!  
O! shame upon you——for the time to come,  
Know better——and go miserable home.  
What says our COMIC GODDESS?—with reproaches,  
She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY encroaches!  
And spite of all her virtue, and ambition,  
Is know to have an am'rous disposition;  
For in FALSE DELICACY—wond'rous sly,  
Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN—O fye!  
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.—  
Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,  
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,  
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with  
t'other.

What can be done?—sad work behind the scenes!  
There comic females scold with tragic queens.  
Each party different ways the foe assails,  
These shake their daggers, those prepare their nails,  
'Tis YOU alone must calm these dire mishaps,  
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.  
What is your will?—I read it in your faces;  
That all hereafter take their proper places,  
Shade hands, and kifs and friends, and—BURN  
THEIR CASES.

## FINIS.





